

Feels Like Home by Aceofstars16

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Other

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Will Byers

Relationships: Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Will Byers & Eleven

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-20

Updated: 2018-01-20

Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:27:15

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,586

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A fic focusing on Will and El's friendship developing and growing, changing from knowing of each other, to being friends, to becoming siblings. A bit of a future AU/what I'd love to see happen in the show.

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Author's Note:

[Tumblr post](#)

Will remembered the first time he had officially met El. He didn't know if he could place what his first impression had been. Scared? Confused? Understanding? There was definitely something different about her and it was a little unsettling, though not entirely in a bad way. It was as if he already kind of knew her, without actually knowing her. Part of that might've been all the stories Mike, Dustin, and Lucas had told him, but there was something else. She had known where he was, as if she had a connection to the Upsidedown, a connection to him. It made their first conversation seem so... strange. Not quite awkward but not quite comfortable, as if they were both trying to figure out this odd connection they had.

That strange relationship seemed to constantly be there. As if El could look at him and just know how he had felt in the Upsidedown, how he still felt from time to time. And whenever he saw glimpses of the alternate dimension, she knew, and more times than most, she was the one that pulled him out of it.

But as weeks went by, Will found the unsettling part of it dimming – yes, they still had some kind of connection, but it started becoming more comforting, more familiar. Some days he hardly noticed it, as if they were just friends that knew each other really well, despite the fact that they were still getting to know each other.

At first, it had been kind of difficult to really get to know each other, seeing as they pretty much always hung out with the rest of their friends – not that it was a bad thing. Will was glad to have such good friends, but there were times when he felt out of it. There were some things that he had only heard about, he hadn't actually been there. It was hard not to feel a little isolated when those stories came up. But then again Max hadn't been there for them either, she was just as isolated as him -if not even more so- and that made him grateful that she had joined their group.

Things changed when his mom started dating Hopper. Will hadn't quite known what to think about that – it was always strange thinking of someone else possibly becoming his new dad. Not that his real dad was that great but it was still unsettling. Though Hopper was different than Bob had been. After all, Will already knew Hopper, at least somewhat, and without the chief he might never have gotten out of the Upsidedown alive. Not only that, but he was El's dad, so it gave him more time to get to know her.

The first time Hopper had dropped her off and picked up his mom, Will had been a little unsure of what they would do. Thankfully, Jonathan was there too and after some discussion they ended up heating up some leftovers and playing Monopoly. It had been a slow process because El had never played it before - and they didn't even get very far in the game- but it had been surprisingly fun.

The next time, Jonathan was too busy with college applications to hang out with them, but before Will could even start brainstorming what him and El should do, she had spotted one of his drawings, asking if he had drawn it himself.

“Can you teach me?”

It sounded like a simple request, but it was harder than Will would've thought. Drawing came so naturally to him now, he didn't quite know how to instruct someone else, especially because El didn't have much experience to begin with. But despite the difficulty, by the end of the evening Will was quite enjoying giving suggestions for El to try while drawing a picture of his own. It was so enjoyable that it became a favorite pastime of theirs. Sometimes Will would start a drawing and let El finish it, or vice versa, which resulted in a lot of art being displayed on the refrigerator. That part was a little embarrassing, but El loved it so, Will didn't say anything.

Another pass time that they explored together was music. It started when there were rumors of a wedding – something that seemed both terrifying and exciting to Will. He loved seeing how happy his mom looked, and Hopper did seem to care about him - even if Will wasn't sure if he would ever be able to call the chief 'dad'. Despite the uncertainty of it though, it was fun to listen to different music that they could play at the reception. El didn't seem to have any specific

taste. In fact, she seemed to like most of the songs on Jonathan's mix tapes, though there were a few songs she shook her head at. And to be fair to all of them, no song made the list unless all three of them agreed on it.

A few months later, they listened to those same songs in the school gym – a weird place to have a reception but somehow it seemed to fit. To Will, the whole day flew by. It went by so quickly that by the time they got home it was hard to grasp what had actually happened. Not just all of the dancing and laughing, but the fact that Hopper and El were part of his family now. It wasn't that they hadn't felt a bit like a family the past few months but now it was official. A new dad and a sister.

It was a change but...it wasn't bad. Yes, it took some getting used to. Seeing Hopper every day at breakfast. Going to school with El - hanging out with her every night afterwards. It was strange but also...nice. Even with the challenges.

Nightmares were common for Will, but it wasn't until a few weeks after the wedding that he found out El had them too.

Most of the time, Will would draw or try to distract himself from the bad dreams, but some nights the dreams were just too bad. In the past he would go to his mom, but he hesitated this time, standing outside of the door, not sure he wanted to knock. It wasn't just his mom in there anymore. Then he spotted El standing in the hallway, looking at him with fear shining in her eyes.

"Nightmares?"

It was the first time they stayed up, talking, drawing, trying to distract from their haunting dreams, but it definitely wasn't the last. Weeks, months, Will found himself seeking out El more than his mom, not wanting to admit that the nightmares were still pestering him. But some nights, it was too much and they would both knock on their parent's door together. Those nights were always hard, but Will always woke up feeling better. He hated the nightmares, the memories that would never go away, but at least he wasn't alone.

Nights weren't the only hard times either. Sometimes, now memories

would still pull him in. They had gotten better over the years, he could almost always control them, but every now and then they would come without warning. The teachers at school had been told he had a medical condition, the only explanation that would allow him to run out of class as fast as he did. Those days were always the worst, the only times Will didn't like going to school. He knew they would've been even worse if it wasn't for El. She seemed to always know when he had a now memory, even if they weren't in the same class. Not long after he ran outside, he would be pulled back to reality, El standing next to him, asking him if he was okay. Sometimes one of his other friends would be there too, but El was always there. Afterwards, they would just talk, until Will was ready to go back inside. However, somedays he didn't want to go back in. Those were the times when Will saw El's rebellious side, or as she liked to call it, MTV punk, both of which sounded worse than it actually was, after all Will was pretty sure both his mom and Hopper had skipped school for worse things than ice cream. And as strange as it seemed, those days were some of Will's favorite memories, just hanging out with his sister, pretending he was a normal kid without a worry in the world.

It was one of those days today. The now memory that had overcome him at school was a fuzzy thought as Will reflected on how his life had changed over the past few years. Glancing at El, he couldn't help but smile.

"Hey, El?"

El stopped midlick and looked at him, cocking her head to the side. "Yeah?"

"I'm glad you're my sister."

A bright smile grew on El's face. "Me too. Brother." She poked his cheek as she spoke, as if giving him the title – even if it was a title he had been carrying for a few years now.

Will couldn't hold back a laugh at the touch, before grinning and poking her back. "Sister."

She laughed and poked him again, which he returned. And that's how

a poking war started between them, laughter ringing through the air. Maybe it seemed childish for two seniors to be acting so childish, but Will didn't care. This was his sister, and sometimes, siblings just had to be silly together.